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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1878.

NUMBER 22.

POETRY.

COUSIN SUE.

The following poem was written by Mr. J. S. George, father of Mr. D. W. George, of Chicago, in 1865, and has never appeared in print before:

Cousin Sue,
How do you do?
How are friends and foes and the "craps,"
And all the little social gaps
Produced by War?
Myra and all the chubby chaps,
Who call you "Mammy"?
Cousin Sue,
Tell me, do,
News of old Richmond's boys and girls
Who sported min-strel and curls,
Three years ago,
My stars! in what stupendous whirls
Of blood and fire, and time has flown!
Cousin Sue,
Is it true
What they say of sister Carrie,
That she shortly is to marry
Him to love, obey, nor vary
In we or woe?
Cousin Sue,
Are not you
Glad, "this cruel war is over,"
That our starry flags now cover
Each wayward State?
Shall we welcome back our rover
That's coming late?
Cousin Sue,
If a few
Distant friends should prove untrue,
Still let this fact be kept in view,
That I love you,
Susannah, Sukey, Susan, Sue,
May God bless you,
J. G. G.

STORY TELLER.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

Just back of Bristol avenue, where
the palatial stores towered skyward,
from the richly clad walked to and
fro, making costly purchases amid the
fascinations of brilliant lights and well-
filled purses, runs a narrow, wretched
street called "Dirk's Lane," but "Scare-
crow-Row" would be more appropriate
for the cottages were falling to pieces,
the steps decaying, the rickety, broken
hinged blinds beating back and forth
in the gusty wind; the weather-beaten
fences dilapidated, clap-boards swing
ing, and the old broken window panes
stuffed with rags, old hats, etc. Can
this be an artery of the great city?
Yes; the living tide flows freely here,
although only pale, sad countenances
are seen; faces furrowed, and scantily
clothed forms gliding despairingly
through the streets. Children looked
pinched and spectral; their thinly-
clothed arms and bare hands purple
with cold as they hurry along, as fast
as numb feet will allow, to their wretch
ed dwellings.

As we enter one of the crazy tene-
ments, we find that the snow has been
before us, and an involuntary chill
shakes us as we see the line of cold
whiteness which has been sifted
through the cracks of the door. A fire
burns feebly in the old grate—so fee
bly that all but stony hearts must sigh
for the human yoke there, enshrined—
and upon the neatly-swept hearth
three children sit talking. The lamp-
light, flickering to its wane, reveals, by
its sickly flame, the mother kneeling
besides an old broken cradle, in which
a sick child of four years lay slumber
ing. The little hands held one of hers
in a tight clasp, and unwilling to dis
turb the child, she left her hair just as
it had fallen from its fastenings—all
about her shoulders—a halo of beauty.
She was fearful that the night of death
was gathering about her only daugh
ter—the little pilgrim of four short
summers—and as she looked at the
guileless, baby face, she thought, poor
mother, that it might be best, so, for
"He who loved little ones, carries the
lambs in His bosom, and," "O, Father,"
she prayed, "save her from such a
stormy pathway as her mother's has
been."

Finally as the child moves, in her
sleep, the little hands loosen their
hold, and the mother joins the boys by
the hearth. "Mother, dear mother, is
there any bread?" asked Harry, the
youngest, for anything, mother, I
don't care what!" added Fred, while
Frank, the eldest, said nothing, only
taking his mother's hand, and rubbing
his thin little face against it.

The mother went to the pantry and
brought out three slices of stale bread
and a pint basin of cold broth. "This
will have to do for to-night, boys," she
said (not adding that, there was not

another mouthful in the house) and
bending down, she held the basin over
the flame until hot, and then poured
it over the bread.

"Oh mother, it is so good," said
Harry. "Tastes like more," added
Fred with a faint attempt at a joke.

The weary mother talked with the
boys for a weary half-hour—endeavor
ing to put a brightness in her voice
that her poor heart never knew—and
then said, "Boys it would be warmer
for you in bed; mother will tuck you
up, for it is a bitter night," and she
shivered as she spoke. Their bed was
only an old mattress spread in one
corner; but as their mother tucked
the woolen spread about them, and
they were still clothed with coat and
pants, they began to feel quite comfort
able and chatty.

They talked in low whispers, but
the mother heard all. Frank speaks
first. "O boys, I saw such a jolly shawl
sold to-day at O'Connor's auction! It
was so red and so warm, oh my, and it
only cost one dollar; if I could only
have bought it for mother." "Whereas,
your money you earned holding horse's
I'd like to know?" queried Fred.
"Gone to pay for medicine and broth
for Baby May," answered Frank, and
then added in a lower voice, "Fred,
I'm afraid Baby May is going to heav
en." "Do in to heaven," echoed Har
ry; "I wis I could do too, dere's every
sin bootiful dere; 'trismas presents
and all." "Let's pray to God to take
us too—let us tell Him—we're so cold
and hungry," added Fred. "And have
dot nosing but an old wussy knife,"
chimed Harry.

Frank laughed at this speech, but
the listening mother sighed. "Oh, my
God, aid us in our extremity, or my
darlings will soon get their wish," and
then she took from her bosom a thin
kid case, and opening it, took from it a
note which read: "My wife, I am so
sore now, but I came near killing you
in my last drunken spree, and I can
not tell what I may do in my next. I
cannot give up this terrible cup. I
cannot pray; I may be doomed, but
you may pray if you choose—perhaps
—God knows. And now—good-by—
go to your father; he will be to you
what I am not—a protector." "Baby
May was only six months old then,"
she mused, "and I have prayed all these
years since for Donald, dear Donald,"
and the tears fell thick and fast.

Down at the wharf a vessel had just
dropped anchor, and furled her dump
sails. The passengers left the deck
with quick tread, but with sober faces,
for the wildly planging waves swelling
loudly and darkly to the spray-swept
shore, and the chilling, gusty wind
possesses a very depressing influence.
One of the passengers, a man of about
forty, with heavy beard and keen, gray
eyes, grasped his well-worn satchel,
and started on his way through the
wet and cheerless streets. He evident
ly knew his way, for he ignored all of
fers of assistance—turned neither to
the right or the left, but straight ahead
to Bristol avenue. He then slackened
his pace somewhat, and as he neared
Conway Hall, he scanned the numbers
close. "No. 785, 786, 787, 788—here's
the number, surely, but I'm not so sure
of my man." He ran up one flight,
and his eyes met the sign "Dupont &
Raymond, Attorneys at Law." Yes—
he is all right so far—he rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Dupont in?" "He is; walk
in, please," invited the office-boy.
"Where is he?" abruptly asked our
caller. "In his sanctum," answered
the boy; "what name, sir?" "Tell him
an old friend wishes to speak to him."
"He'll not come for that, sir; there is
so many impostors, sir, that he'll never
come out without your name, sir."

"Ask him if he likes filberts, boy,"
said our caller. "That 'ud be a queer question, sir,"
said the office-boy. "Ask him—queer or not,"
said the caller.

"Mr. Dupont," said the boy, enter
ing the pleasant retreat of the bache
lor lawyer, "a queer man has just come
in, and it's he, sir, not I, that want to
know if your honor likes filberts." Fil
berts, filberts," mused he; "filberts,"
and a light broke over his face, "bring
him in," and as the boy turned to do
his bidding, he arose, and quickly fol
lowing, greeted the new comer on the
threshold. "Donald, boy, can it be?"
"Ralph, O. Ralph," and the two em
braced with such fervor that they might

have been called David and Jonathan.

The great coat was laid aside, the
coffee and oysters for two were brought
in, and as they ate and drank and
talked, they gave never a thought to
the little office boy outside who—the
lobby door being left wide open—
heard every word that they spoke. A
name arrests his lagging attention;
he hears his master say, "and have
you never heard a word from your wife
or concerning her?" and the reply
came sadly, "Never—O my God—what
will all thy goodness to me do if I can
not find my poor wife and helpless
children?" "Cheer up, Donald, we
must hunt up all the Roscoes in the
city, but still she may have used her
maiden name—strange, but I forget it;
what was it?" Delapierre—her father
was French, you know—if she has
taken that name, I can trace her if she
is living, for there are very few Dela
pierries in America."

"Pho, very few; I know lots of 'em."
It was the office-boy talking aloud in
his excitement. "Davie," called Mr.
Dupont. "Well, sir," answered Davie
coming to the door. "What are you
talking about?" "I couldn't help hear
in' what you said, sir."

"And what did you say—turn about
is fair play?" "I—I," stammered the
office-boy. "I said Delapierre was
common enough. I know five of 'em,
sir." "Five Delapierries," said the visit
or grasping the boy's arm tightly.
"Tell me, boy, what are their given
names, and where are they?"

"Well, sir, loosen your grip—please
sir—there—there's Mrs. Delapierre—
she's a beautiful woman, sir, but so
sad-like and so poor." "And the others
—what of them?" asked the stranger.
"Well, sir, there's Frank Delapierre, he
is the bravest boy I ever knew, sir,
but he's starvin'; then there's Fred
Delapierre and Harry Delapierre and
Baby May who is dyin', least ways
that's what my mother said this morn
in'." "Take me to them—quick, boy
—and a purse of gold is yours." "I
don't want the gold, sir, but they will,
sir—if you've got it—and I'll lead you
quick if Mr. Dupont says so." "Yes,
go Davie, lad, and may God bless you
Donald in your undertaking."

They wound about a great deal, Mr.
Roscoe thought, but soon all the grand
buildings, were left behind, and they
went with quick feet down crooked
Dirk's Lane. "Here's the place, sir,"
said Davie, and Mr. Roscoe held out
some shining gold with the remark,
"Take it, child," but the quick-witted
child was gone, and Mr. Roscoe tap
ped gently on the shabby door.

It was opened a little way, and a
gentle voice, full of tears, asked, "what
is wanted?" Does Mrs. Delapierre live
here?" inquired the muffled voice. "I
am Mrs. Delapierre; is there any ser
vice I can render you?" "Let me in,
please, the night is so bitter." "I can
not, sir," answered she trying to close
the door, "I have neither fire nor food,
so please look a little farther."

Mr. Roscoe pushed open the door,
stepped in and bared his head, "Lucia,
my poor, poor Lucia," and the strong
arms opened. "Oh, Donald, darling,
have you come at last?" and the brave
heart, which had borne so much, faint
ed with joy.

No words can describe the glad re
union—it would be folly to attempt it
—so I will only say that the bell rung
out its twelve strokes before either
husband or wife sought rest; for the
backward ground had to be repassed,
Donald telling his wife how her pray
ers had reached him a year before his
return, how he had struggled and
fought, and finally conquered King
Alcohol with God's help, and then had
decided not to come back empty-hand
ed; "and, darling, God has prospered
me. I have enough—honestly earned,
to give you comfort once more."

Four weeks rolled by. In a fair
suburban cottage, Lucia Roscoe sits in
a softly-cushioned rocker. Baby May,
a happy convalescent, sits in her lap,
nursing a doll-baby nearly as large as
herself. It is evening; again the
three boys are chatting in front of a
grate fire, but this time they are kneel
ing on a large velvet rug, and Davie,
the orphan office-boy, is kneeling with
them. "Dis is your home for ever and
over, Davie, isn't you glad, dis booti
ful home?" "We're going to have a

grand supper to-night, aren't we, moth
er?" asked Fred.

"Yes, dear," answered mamma, and
then she put Baby May down while
she went to the cozy dining-room to
see if all was in order. Dinah was
putting the last touches upon the
pretty-laid table, and the front door-
bell pealed. "Can we go, mamma?"
called Frank, and the answer being
affirmative, the four boys rushed to
the door to usher in Mr. Dupont and
papa.

Mr. Dupont raised his hands in
mock horror as he entered the love
ly sitting-room, for Frank said in his
polite voice, "Here is my new book of
animals, Mr. Dupont." Fred called in
his shrill voice, "Just do look at my
games, Mr. Dupont; you can't beat
them." Harry screamed, "Just do look
at dese soldiers—day's de real fighters,
Mr. Dupont;" while Baby May put in
her wee voice, saying, "Does yo ant to
kiss my bootiful dolly, Unkin Pont?"
at which the children laughed, but
caused Mr. Dupont to bring out a
handkerchief—whether to wipe away
conspicuous tears or not I will leave
my reader to guess. Mrs. Roscoe came
in at that moment, and as Mr. Dupont
arose to greet her, Donald with his
arm about her, said, "It was her pray
ers that brought a prodigal home,
Dear heart, you have your reward."

This was all that he said as he pressed
her extended hands, but two happy
souls thought enough.—*Christian In
telligencer.*

An Elephant that Went a Fishing.

In the May St. Nicholas is an in
teresting article on elephants, in which
is copied the following curious anecdote
from a book on elephants, written by
M. Jacolliot, a French writer:

In the autumn of 1876 I was living
in the interior of Bengal, and I went
to spend Christmas with my friend,
Major Daly. The major's bungalow
was on the banks of the Ganges near
Cawnpore. He had lived there a good
many years, being chief of the quar
termaster's department at the station,
and had a great many natives, ele
phants, bullock-carts, and soldiers un
der his command.

On the morning after my arrival,
after a cup of early tea (often taken
before daylight in India,) I sat smok
ing with my friend in the verandah of
his bungalow, looking out upon the
winding of the sacred river. And, di
rectly, I asked the major about his
children (a boy and a girl) whom I had
not yet seen, and begged to know
when I should see them.

"Soupramany has taken them out
fishing," said their father.

"Why, isn't Soupramany your great
war-elephant?" I cried.

"Exactly so. You cannot have for
gotten Soupramany!"

"Of course not. I was here, you
know, when we had that fight with the
elephant who went mad while loading
a transport with bags of rice down
yonder. I saw the mad elephant when
he suddenly began to fling the rice in
to the river. His 'mahout' tried to
stop him, and he killed the mahout.
The native sailors ran away to hide
themselves, and the mad elephant,
trumpeting, charged into this inclosure.
Old Soupramany was here, and so were
Jim and Bessy. When he saw the
mad animal, he threw himself between
him and the children. The little ones
and their nurses had just time to get
into the house when the fight com
menced."

"Yes," said the major. "Old Soup
was a hundred years old. He had
been trained to war, and to fight with
the rhinoceros, but he was too old to
hunt then."

"And yet," said I, becoming animat
ed by the recollections of that day,
"what a gallant fight it was! Do you
remember how we all stood on this
porch and watched it, not daring to
fire a shot lest we should hit Old
Soupramany? Do you remember, too,
his look when he drew off, after fight
ing an hour and a half, leaving his ad
versary dying in the dust, and walk
ed straight to the 'corral,' shaking
his great ears which had been badly
torn, with his head bruised, and a
great piece broken from one of his
tusks?"

"Yes, indeed," said the major. "Well,
since then, he is more devoted to my
dear little ones than ever. He takes
them out whole days, and I am per
fectly content to have them under his
charge. I don't like trusting Chris
tian children to the care of the natives;
but with Old Soup I know they can
come to no harm."

Beside the children, on the banks of
the Ganges, stood Old Soup with a
bamboo rod in his trunk, with line,
hook, bait and cork, like the children's.
I had watched him long before he had
a bite; for, as the religion of the Hin
doo forbids them to take life, the river
swarms with fishes.

The old fellow did not stir; his lit
tle eye watched his line eagerly; he
was no novice in "the gentle craft."
He was waiting until it was time to
draw in his prize.

At the end of his line, as he drew it
up, was dangling one of those golden
tench so abundant in the Ganges.

When Soupramany perceived what
a fine fish he had caught, he uttered
one of those long, low, gurgling notes
of satisfaction by which an elephant
expresses joy; and he waited patient
ly, expecting Jim to take his prize off
the hook and put on some more bait
for him. But Jim, the little rascal,
sometimes liked to plague Old Soup.
He nodded at us, as much as to say,
"Look out, and you'll see fun, now!"
Then he took off the fish, which he
threw into a water jar placed there for
the purpose, and went back to his place
without putting any bait on Old Soup's
hook. The intelligent animal did not
attempt to throw his line in the water.
He tried to move Jim by low, pleading
cries. "It was curious to note what ten
der tones he seemed to try to give his
voice."

Seeing that Jim paid no attention to
his calls, but sat and laughed as he
handled his own line, Old Soup went
up to him and with his trunk tried to
turn his head in the direction of the
bait-box. At last when he found that
all he could do would not induce his
willful friend to help him, he turned
round as if struck by a sudden thought,
and, snatching up in his trunk the box
that held the bait, came and laid it
down at the major's feet; then pick
ing up his rod, he held it out to his
master.

"What do you want me to do with
this, Old Soup?" said the major.

The creature lifted one great foot
after the other, and again began to
utter his plaintive cry. Out of mis
chief, I took Jimmy's part, and, pick
ing up the bait box pretended to run
with it. The elephant was not going
to be teased by me. He dipped his
trunk into the Ganges, and in an in
stant squirted a stream of water over
me with all the force and precision of
a fire-engine, to the immense amuse
ment of the children.

The major at once made Soup a
sign to stop, and to make my peace
with the fine old fellow, I baited his
hook myself. Quivering with joy, as
a baby does when it gets hold at last
of a plaything some one has taken
from it, Old Soupramany hardly wait
ed to thank me by a soft note of joy
for baiting his line for him, before he
went back to his place, and was again
watching his cork as it trembled in
the ripples of the river.

OREGON DEAF-MUTE SCHOOL.

CLOSING EXERCISES—WHO WAS THERE, ETC.

Salem, Oreg., Daily Record, April 30, 1878.

The final examinations of the Deaf
Mute School took place this afternoon
at one o'clock, and lasted till three.
The examinations in writing, showed
great improvement—notably were two
little ones, who had only been in the
school nine weeks and seven months
respectively, and were less than eight
years of age. The youngest, who had
been there nine weeks, could write
her name and a number of short sen
tences. The other could write as
plain as any child of ten years.

Others wrote short compositions,
answered questions in geography, etc.,
each showing aptness and interest in
their studies.

Two of the boys acted out a panto
mime story of a boy who had the tooth
ache. There being no dentist here he
went to the shoemaker who made

fast to the tooth with a "waxed end"
and then tied it to his leg. After di
verting his attention for a time, he sud
denly struck the boy with the awl, mak
ing him jump, and at the same time
pulling out the tooth. It was well
acted, and the boys deserve much
praise for their performance.

The exercises wound up by the
whole school repeating the Lord's
prayer in unison—a very creditable
performance.

There are twenty-six pupils in at
tendance, both boys and girls. M.
Tuck is the principal and his wife the
assistant. They have given much sat
isfaction.

Among those present were Govern
or Chadwick, Judge Walton, Wm.
Waldo, Maj. Lord, J. J. Murphy and
E. S. Scott, besides a large number of
others.

Speeches were made by Gov. Chad
wick and James Walton. Mr. Knight
spoke of the necessity of apparatus, etc.,
necessary to run a school of that kind;
and, as there were a number present
who will be in the next Legislature, the
remarks will probably take effect. Too
much praise cannot be accorded to the
Superintendent, managers and
teachers for the past year.

After the exercises were over, W.
P. Johnson, photographer, photo
graphed the deaf-mutes in group.

Thus ends the term of school for
this season.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Silence is the best course for any
man to adopt who distrusts himself.

The best biography—the life which
writes charity in the largest letters.

Wisdom is the talent of buying vir
tuous pleasure at the cheapest rate.

Make no expense, but do good to
others or yourself—that is, waste
nothing.

The man who studies to be reveng
ed only manages to keep his own
wounds green.

If a man desires many things he is
exalted by hope, but if he fears many
things he becomes a slave.

Many who find the day too long,
think life too short; but short as life
is, some find it long enough to outlive
their characters, their constitutions
and their estates.

Boys that have been properly reared
are men, in point of usefulness, at six
teen; while those that have been brought
up in idle habits are nuisances at
twenty-one.

A troubled mind is often relieved
by maintaining a cheerful demeanor.
The effort withdraws his attention
from the cause of pain, and the cheer
fulness which it promotes in others
extends by sympathy to itself.

When we are young we waste a great
deal of time in imagining what we will
do when we grow older, and when we
are old we waste an equal amount of
time in wondering why we waited so
long before we began to do anything.

The only perfect friendship sub
sists among those who resemble each
other in virtue, because those who love
their friends for their virtue, love them
for what is not a temporary append
age, but a permanent essential in
their character.

Pleasure and recreation of one kind
or other are absolutely necessary to
relieve our minds and bodies from too
constant attention. The mind can
not labor with safety more than one
third of its active existence, but the
limbs will bear exercise, healthfully,
somewhat beyond that proportion of
life.

There is scarcely any character so
rare as a man of real open and gen
erous integrity, who carries his heart in
his hand, who says the thing he pre
tends. Though no one can dislike
the character, yet discretion generally
shakes her head, and the world soon
lets him into the reason.

Now not wishes in other people's
gardens; wish not for that which you
are not, but earnestly desire to be the
very best of what you are. Endeavor
your best to perfect yourself where
you are, and bear manfully all the
crosses you may encounter. This is
the leading principle and the least un
derstood of a good life.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of
your love and tenderness sealed up
until your friends are dead. Fill
their lives with sweetness. Speak ap
proving, cheering words while their
ears can hear them and while their
hearts can be thrilled by them. The
things you mean to say when they
are gone say before they go. The
flowers you mean to send to their cof
fins, send to brighten and sweeten
their homes before they leave them.
If my friends have alabaster boxes
laid away full of perfumes of sympathy
and affection which they intend to
break over my dead body, I would
rather they would bring them out in
my weary hours and open them that
I may be refreshed and cheered by
them when I need them. I would
rather have a bare coffin without an en
cology, than a life without the sweetness
of love and sympathy. Let us learn to
appoint our friends beforehand for
their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses
do not cheer the burdened spirit.
Flowers on the coffin cast no fra
grance backward over the weary days.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
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Borne, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Associate
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REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

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NOT SECTARIANISM, BUT CHRISTIANITY.

By request we publish elsewhere, and take pleasure in so doing, the *Mirror's* editorial remarks under the heading, "Bay State Mission." We heartily concur in the spirit of the article, and have always entertained the opinion that more good can be accomplished by a society of deaf-mutes of all orthodox Christian denominations than can be effected by members of any one denomination in particular, Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Methodist, or any other, in the way of preaching, lectures, or other discourses. In this spirit we wish to be understood that we do not consider it right for any society to use undue influence to prevail upon any of its members, or others not members, to adopt any particular religious creed with which they may not be in sympathy. In other words, we are, and always have been, sternly opposed to proselyting, which is not unfrequently carried to an extreme extent by many (otherwise) good Christians.

Every deaf-mute, as well as other people, of sound mind, usually have a choice in such matters; but, if there be those who have not, the advice and counsel of some confidential friend in such matters is very easily obtained, and, if it comes from a true friend, may be implicitly relied upon; and a society should exercise no influence which savors of proselyting, either within its own precinct or outside of it. In short, as we have heretofore reiterated, all should, and will if they are truly independent-minded men and women, be left masters or mistresses of their own choosing in matters pertaining to religious opinions and church creeds. No society should, in the least, use its influence or any part of it in trying to control or subvert the personal church tendencies of anybody. The object of a deaf-mute society should be for general good towards the deaf and dumb, not only within the pale of the society, but also outside of it; and, if the society is what it should be, such will be its prominent purpose, and it should be encouraged and strengthened, no matter whether its originators happen to be Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian or of any other truly Christian persuasion.

The principles above eliminated are those to which we steadfastly hold, and are the same that we have always freely entertained.

We most assuredly wish the "Bay State Mission" unbounded success in ameliorating the condition of deaf-mutes. May its life be long, and its good influences unending.

Should Brother Pond visit the East during the present summer we will be greatly pleased to extend to him a hearty welcome to our *sanctum*, and while doing everything possible to make his visit to us one of much gratification to all interested parties, we sincerely hope he will not forget to bring us a taste of pork and beans and brown bread, for the entertainment of the editor and the delightful edification of his "devil." With these remarks, we shall expect Brother Pond to give us a call.

A MONUMENT TO PROF. JOHN R. BURNET.

In another column of this week's paper will be found a very interesting letter from Dr. J. L. Peet, Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, to which we take much pleasure in calling the careful perusal of our readers. As there will be

learned the fact, Dr. Peet, through the Fanwood Literary Association, has raised \$100, and Miss Kate L. Burnet, a sister of the deceased, \$75 toward the erection of a suitable granite monument to the memory of the late Prof. John R. Burnet, who labored long and faithfully in the New York Institution. It will, also, be seen that, as the entire cost of the monument, including the setting up, will be \$225, there is now a deficiency of \$50.

Professor Burnet was of much practical benefit to the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association, and was a friend to all deaf-mutes of this State in particular, in whose general welfare he always displayed deep interest. In view of his unflinching interest in our class of people, and especially the good of the above society which he had at heart, we would suggest, for the consideration of the board of managers of the society, that it would be proper and right to donate \$25 or \$50, whichever sum is deemed expedient, to aid in making up sufficient funds to pay for the monument. We understand, through information obtained some time ago from Mr. F. L. Seliney, secretary of the association, that, provided a certain amount should first be raised from other sources, the society would add a contribution from its own funds. It is just that we should perpetuate the memory of Professor Burnet.

Church Work Among Deaf-Mutes.

Services for deaf-mutes will be held in St. Paul's Church, Boston, on Sunday, June 9th, and also in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn. Both services will begin at 3 p. m. Those who see this notice will please inform their friends.

The Rev. Dr. Clerc is expected to conduct services for deaf-mutes in the chapel of Grace Church, Baltimore, on Sunday, June 24, and also in St. John's Church, York, Pa., on Monday evening, June 3d.

The Rev. A. W. Mann expects, Providence permitting, to hold services in St. Louis, at Christ Church, corner of 13th and Locust streets, at 10:30 a. m., and 3 p. m., July 7th.

ACADEMY ANNIVERSARY.

REGENTS' EXAMINATION.

The Anniversary Exercises of Mexico Academy will occur Wednesday, June 19th.

The Regents' Examination will be held Thursday and Friday, June 6th and 7th. Members of the public schools are admitted to these examinations, and are cordially invited to attend them.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, with its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR APRIL, 1878.

Trinity Church, Geneva	\$ 23.83
Miss Baxter	10.00
Deaf-mutes in Cincinnati through Mr. R. P. McGregor	5.00
George C. Colburn	5.00
St. Mary's, Brooklyn	.43
George W. Schmitt	2.00
A Friend in Rochester	5.00
Officers and Pupils of the Institution for deaf-mutes Belleville Ontario (65.00 additional from this institution belongs to May.)	12.00

COLLECTED BY MR. JAMES LEWIS.

Mrs. T. Garner	\$ 5.00
John Zittelson	1.00
William Orton	5.00
Palmer, Core & Herbert	1.00
M. H. Thompson	1.00
G. S. Moulton	5.00
Mrs. Langdon	2.00
Miss Ingalls	2.00
A. V. H. Stuyvesant	2.00
M. J. Hale	1.00
Anonymous & Cash	51.25
Total	\$130.51
Received since November 1st	\$2,576.61
We need at least \$7,000 for the year. If all our deaf-mute friends throughout the country would save five or ten cents a week for this society, it could do its work more effectively. Donations may be sent to the General Manager, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, No. 9, West 18th street, N. Y.	

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JUNE 24, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 2d day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—John II.

2d Lesson—John XVII.

English Lectionary.

1st Lesson—Deut. XXX.

2d Lesson—John XIII, 1-21.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sunday after Ascension.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 2d day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Zephaniah III.

2d Lesson—2d Thess. III, 1-17.

English Lectionary.

1st Lesson—Deut. XXIV or Joshua I.

2d Lesson—Hebrew IX.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sunday after Ascension.

INDIGESTION.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and to keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

THE "vacation jaunt" in the *Chronicle* has come to an end.

THE Colorado and Minnesota Institutions both close June 12th.

A new wing is being added to the shops of the Illinois Institution.

EX-PRINCIPAL Bangs, of Michigan, is gaining laurels in the lecture field.

THE closing exercises of the Virginia Institution begin June 15th.

MICHIGAN Institution pupils are rejoicing over the completion of a grand swing.

FROM 20 to 25 boys of the Minnesota Institution are frequently seen playing leap frog.

ABUNDANCE of bright, fragrant wild flowers adorn the Colorado Institution grounds.

AN American, for reasons not stated, is educating his deaf-mute son at a school in Italy.

EXAMINATION at the Nebraska Institution begins June 17th this year, and lasts three days.

THE local papers say lots of good things about the recent Virginia Institution entertainment.

THE *Gazette* man has been enjoying himself again at the seminary—the A. F. Seminary this time.

JOSHUA and Fritz Tschudy, graduates of the Wisconsin Institution, in 1875, recently visited that school.

A son of William Willard, founder of the Indiana Institution, recently died of consumption, at Indianapolis, Ind.

THERE is said to be a boy who is a pupil at the Texas Institution, whose mother is a resident of Vancouver's Island.

A Minnesota boy, of the deaf-mute institution, tried to catch a ball in his mouth. The ball was only slightly injured.

THE nine tried their luck again with the boys of the Central New York Institution, and were beaten 15 to 13.

S. R. Thompson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Virginia, lately visited the State institution for the deaf and dumb.

THE wife and daughter of Professor Noyes, of the Minnesota Institution, have gone to Hartford, Conn., to spend the summer.

MAY day was celebrated by the Wisconsin Institution pupils in enjoying a picnic and dinner out doors in the shade of the trees.

A frog pond near the Minnesota Institution is a favorite resort of the small and some of the large boys, who probably relish the music.

HOOE Reid, a brother of F. L. Reid who is a teacher at the Nebraska Institution, has lately been a guest at the above-named institution.

HALF a dozen deaf-mutes, aged between 30 and 55, attended the Kentucky Institution some twenty years ago and made tolerable progress.

THE *Mirror* don't grow worth a cent when the *Index* hints that two of its contemporaries are the handsomest papers. It puts them on the back.

THE Press man of the Wisconsin Institution owes his lack of enjoyment of the last May day picnic, because the Queen was monopolized by another fellow.

THE *Advance* is kept busy and full publishing extracts from papers pro and con of the recent attack on Dr. Gillett, and his management of the Illinois Institution.

MR. W. B. Swift, general agent of the Trustees of the New England Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, reports that the building fund now amounts to nearly \$1,800.

MARY Beaven, of the Colorado Institution, lately met with a painful, but not serious accident, caused by the accidental dropping of a window on one of her hands.

A half-holiday of the scholars of the Minnesota Institution, May 1st, was pleasantly spent in the woods gathering flowers, of which they returned with well-filled baskets.

DURING this month there have been a few cases of sickness at the Nebraska Institution, but they have soon yielded to medical treatment and the matron's good care.

ONE of the smallest boys of the Central New York Institution took it into his head to board a canal boat on a recent afternoon. A general hunt discovered him.

JAS. Freeman, a deaf tramp, was pitched from a western railroad by that deaf-mute nemesis, the locomotive, and injured horribly. He is probably dead by this time.

CENTRAL and Black Hawk want girls to do house work, and offer \$20 per month. Wonder if they "throw in" a husband.—*Index*.

Yes, two of them if called for, we presume.

AFTER having legislated to "re-organize" the Ohio Institution, and reduce most salaries from 10 to 20 percent, the best thing for the Ohio Legislature to do was to adjourn, which it did May 15th.

REV. Dr. Gallaudet was in attendance at the fair which was held in Salem, Mass., last week for the benefit of the Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, and we are soon to have an account of it.

THE *Mirror* man shows his wisdom when he says, "The *Gazette* man keeps watch of the church steps. We can remember, way back, when we did the same thing. Think too much of our hair now."

A large number of wire screens are being prepared for use at the Kansas Institution to prevent the ingress of flies. To many other similar institutions afflicted by the same pests it might not be inappropriate to say "Go and do thou likewise."

WILLIAM Hack, graduate of the Indiana Institution, is a practical florist, doing business at Davis Station, near Indianapolis. Having lately married and gone to housekeeping he has decided to take the *JOURNAL* to enlighten the spare hours at home.

TWO of the National Deaf-mute College students lately took a pilgrim's tour to the Bull Run battle field. An extended account of the trip, what they saw, and what they took back with them is elsewhere published and will, no doubt, prove to be very interesting to all the *JOURNAL's* readers.

THE *JOURNAL* heads an item this: "A deaf and dumb man fatally injured by the cars while drunk." That train of cars must have been pretty well loaded.—*Companion*.

Yes; the train was pretty well "loaded," and so was the drunken man, but he was not long in being "unloaded."

THE *JOURNAL* says that the Central N. Y. Inst. uses the "Mordley crayon eraser," and finds them much better than common towels. Towels have not been used here for a long time, our cabinet-maker, Mr. Barton, having invented a substitute that works like a charm, raising no dust, and much easier handled.—*Mirror*.

AT the first deaf-mute service in Marion, Ohio, Rev. Mr. Julian, rector of St. Paul's Church, baptized three adult deaf-mutes, the Rev. Mr. Mann interpreting the formula. Many hearing people were present, and much interest was manifested. Marion is a beautiful little town, about

a hundred miles south-west of Cleveland. Mr. Mann intends to hold occasional services there in the future.

WE suppose it was a typographical error; but the *Mirror* actually speaks of the "Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Norrit, suburbs of Detroit," or is the word *Asylum* in the corporate title? Well, four tramps took possession of the "asylum" on a recent night and raised—one was at home but the "farmer and the pupils," all of whom straightway ran up stairs and barricaded themselves. In the morning citizens and shot guns were after those four, but they were not found.

YESTERDAY was all our annual picnic. It was highly enjoyed (?) by all. The day dawned bright and clear but somewhat cool. With happy faces the pupils congregated at the breakfast table, in bright anticipation of what the day had in store for them. They were all carried to the picnic grounds, (about three miles from the Institution,) in suitable vehicles. Things were put up, and all were having a gay time, when down came the rain. The eatables were disposed of, and all were taken home again, but not before many were drenched to the skin. The Committee on Transportation, with several of the boys, walked home in the mud. The picnic wound up in the evening with a grand party in the girls' study room.—*Star*.

WE clip the following from the *Index*, under the head of "Uncorrected," and admit that the article is not a bad specimen of deaf-mute school-boy composition; but we could show the editor of that paper, and would show others, untold numbers of articles, not only from pupils, but also from adult deaf-mutes, at the sight of which the editor would turn pale to think of their appearing in print without correction.

A few weeks ago I and Billy W. worked in the office till Friday, and we thought we could walk fast from here to my home. I have asked to Mrs. K. may go? I and Billy W. were glad and thought we could walk fast, and arrive in two and one-half hours. We started at five o'clock, and walked very fast. We met and passed several wagons on the road. We saw the trees along the road. The small waves were beginning to grow. We were very tired, and we walked to far eight miles in the mountains. On Sunday we went to Institution again.—M. P. TAYLOR.

THAT the telephone or some adaptation of it, may make it possible to be set down as among the possibilities to be hoped for, and it is stated that Edison is experimenting with an apparatus with special view to its adaptation to the deaf. People who are entirely deaf to the usual conveyance of sound, and for whom even an ear-trumpet is useless, have been able to hear music with satisfaction by resting the head against the piano, the vibrations being thus communicated by contact, and passed along to the auditory nerves by a different impression than that of the usual entrance of sound. But where the auditory nerve is not sensitive, of course there could be no conveyance to the brain and no hearing possible. For a great number of cases, however, the experiment may be of great interest, such as the occasional ones that are met with, where the hearing has been destroyed by scarlet fever, and where the child has still been able to dance to music, the "time" being conveyed by the vibrations of the floor.—*Public Ledger*.

OUR Principal has received information of deaf-mute children in this State growing up in ignorance because of the greediness of their parents. They keep children at home because their labor assists them pecuniarily; some of them being already in good circumstances and not at all dependent upon these unfortunate ones. We wonder if such heartless parents who rear their unfortunate children in ignorance ever feel any compunctions as to their actions? Every one feels that the day will come when they will be called upon to answer for their guardianship of the souls placed in their care upon this earth? Ever think of the crime they are committing rearing their own flesh and blood in ignorance? It is almost impossible for a fair minded person to imagine, even what the feelings of a mother or father can be who so abuse their own offspring.

The question has been asked several times, "Is there any law to compel the attendance of deaf-mute or blind children upon Institutions for their education?" We regret to answer no, there is no such law, the law makers taking it for granted that the free education offered would be sufficient for any parents to send their children. The Legislature, however, was mistaken in that, and we hope that at its next session a law will be enacted compelling parents and guardians to send their children to the Institutions at a certain age, who may be deaf and dumb, or blind, to the Institution established for their education, and furthermore, make it the duty of officers to enforce the law.—*Mirror*.

PEOPLE who still adhere to the look-at-your-tongue-and-feel-of-your-pulse doctor sometimes express not a little curiosity in regard to Dr. R. V. Pierce's original method of distinguishing all forms of chronic disease without personal consultation. Some even suppose that he accomplishes this through clairvoyance, or some other species of professional jugglery. All this is utterly false. He claims to determine disease by the rational methods of a physician. Says Conley, in his Biographical Encyclopedia of New York State, speaking of this distinguished physician: "He perceived that in each of the natural sciences the investigator proceeds according to a system of signs. The geologist in his cabinet accurately determines and describes the clef of rock, which he has never seen, from the minute specimen on his table. And the chemist in his laboratory notes the constituents of the sun with the same precision that he analyzes a crystal of rock salt. The analogous system developed by Dr. Pierce in Medical Science is worthy of his genius, and has made his name justly celebrated." For a full explanation of this ingenious system of diagnosis, see the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent, postpaid, to any address on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Biliousness or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait. See other column.

Alexander H. Stevens has announced himself as a candidate for reelection to Congress.

Local Paragraphs.

J. D. Hartson is making improvements on his house.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Heaton have returned from their western visit.

Almeron Thomas is progressing with extensive improvements on his house.

John Becker is painting his house. The work is being done by Carpenter & Consene.

Alice Myers has lately been buying more potatoes for the Philadelphia market, paying thirty cents a bushel for them.

The people of Union Square and vicinity will honor the fallen heroes, buried in the Union Square Cemetery, in a becoming manner, this evening.

Frank Penfield has bought a building of T. W. Skinner and moved it on to the Thomas premises, near by, where he will occupy it for his livery stables.

W. H. Penfield has removed his undertaking business and express office to the store in the Webb block which was lately occupied by the Rosenblooms.

Decoration Day will be appropriately observed to-day at Pulaski. There will be a street parade, prayer by Rev. Mr. Skeel and an address by W. H. Kenyon, of Oswego, also a poem by E. F. Kelly.

The challenge game of base-ball between the teachers and pupils of school districts 8 and 9, of this village, promises to be one of interest to all who take stock in base-ball matters. The game will be played June 1st, on the grounds in the rear of the academy.

Mrs. M. T. Sayles, of whose sickness we spoke last week, died at about 4 o'clock last Monday morning, and her funeral took place from the residence, at p. m. Tuesday, the 28th, there being a large attendance of relatives and friends. The afflicted family and other relatives of the deceased have the sympathy of this community.

Rev. W. R. Cobb, of Camden, was in town one day last week, during which time he made numerous pleasant, but brief calls, upon many of his old friends. Mr. Cobb was for three years pastor of the M. E. Church in this village, and the people here are always pleased to receive his calls and visits, which, by the way, are not frequent, as his ministerial labors prevent him from doing much visiting.

The Oswego District camp-meeting at Dempster Grove will open on the 22d day of August. Those having supervision of the meeting have determined not to have any rowdiness carried on during the meeting of this year, and the gates will not be opened to visitors on Sunday. Preparations will be held for making the meeting one of the most pleasant that has ever been held at Dempster Grove.

The people of Lambs' Corners, Prattville and vicinity have not yet forgotten to be kind and neighborly in cases of sickness. Truman Goodell has been sick for some time, and, consequently, his farm work was liable to be done late; but last Thursday kind friends to a large number, with twelve or fourteen teams, met at Mr. Goodell's and made him an old-fashioned "bee," doing up nearly all of his spring's work. Such kind acts deserve notice and will no doubt be deeply appreciated.

The Reclabite Tent of this village will give a grand strawberry and ice-cream festival, the first Reclabite entertainment of the season, at Empire Hall, this evening, to which all are cordially invited. The Helicon Band will furnish music, and Rev. T. A. Weed, of Scottsville, N. Y., and others are expected to deliver short addresses. All necessary arrangements have been perfected for making the entertainment a very rich and highly enjoyable affair. There will be abundance of strawberries, ice-cream and cake. Be sure to attend the festival this evening.

Of all the rich jokes of the season, as far as recorded in town, perhaps the most palatable one was perpetrated in our office one day quite recently. One morning the jovial and good-natured "Jo," our helper, came in, bringing a pail with him. Approaching one of those present, a pleasant smile lighting up his features, he handed over the pail saying, "That, I suppose, is for you." The receiver of the article took it, removed the cover, and, after examining the rare and fine qualities of the contents of the pail, expressed doubts as to its belonging to him. But "Jo" was confident that he knew his business, and strengthened his opinion by asserting that "it must be yours for Mrs. — sent it to you." Still there were doubts, and, after a canvassing of the subject by all hands present, it was finally decided that the present was intended for another, who is a type in this office and, who, under the circumstances, was not slow to concur in the general opinion of the others. The result was that he upon whom the present was thus settled took it home with him, and, after partaking of two delicious, square meals, publicly expressed his private opinion that she who sent the article fully understood the proper method of preparing that sort of eatables, and inwardly he hoped that she would at some not very distant date cook some more of that kind, send more of it, and let "Jo" do the errand for her again. It is needless to say that the only reason why the rest of us did not claim the present was that we thought the one who had it probably deserved it the most, and that it was unquestionably designed for his particular benefit. The final recipient of the misguiding article takes unbounded pleasure in tendering his hearty thanks

to her who (never) sent him the present, and, though it is said that lightning never strikes but once in a place, his favorite wish is that it will, contrary to all precedent, hit him again in the same place, and a little harder next time. "Thus endeth the first chapter," and if you desire to become acquainted with the second, ask Len Whitney what became of his hulled corn.

A WEDDING OF THE SILENT.

Two Deaf-Mutes Joined in Marriage Yesterday in Dr. Gallaudet's Church.

AN HOUR OF WAITING WITH A HUNDRED LADIES WHO SAID NOT A WORD ALOUD.

[New York World, May 23d, 1878.]

At St. Ann's Church in Eighteenth street, where the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has labored so long and so successfully in the instruction of deaf-mutes, was celebrated yesterday the marriage of two members of the Church Society, and also of what their pastor has called "The Silent Community." The ceremony was well worth seeing, not only because of its peculiarity, but because of its rarity, too. Dr. Gallaudet has taught deaf-mutes nearly all his life, and for twenty-seven years been a pastor to them, but he has married only about one hundred couples, of whom one or the other was a deaf-mute. Very rarely have both been so afflicted, or rather so in sympathy.

The bride of yesterday was Miss Caroline Bamberger, of Jersey City, the daughter of a well-to-do family residing in Eighth street, in that city. The groom, Mr. John A. Dunlap, is a brother of the well-known hatter of that name. Both are well educated, being graduates of the Deaf and Dumb College.

The hour appointed for the ceremony was three o'clock, but there was a delay, and it was after four o'clock when the knot was finally tied. There was an hour or more of waiting. Perhaps one hundred and fifty fashionably dressed people were waiting, and almost all of them were ladies. Now, a hundred or more ladies waiting in a church to see a wedding will usually, it is said, chat and chatter like unto the whispering of many breezes among much ripe wheat. But yesterday there was no breeze nor shadow of a breeze, and the resources of language are too weak to describe a "buzz of expectation" even when it is traditional—if it does not buzz. This was a wedding and a wedding an hour late without a buzz. There was one or two common mortals who seemed to whisper, but whispering was plainly unpopular and was done with an air of abashment. But the audience was still only to the ear; to the eye it was full of action, action, action. In the hush the industrious organist performed permitted, with no more sound than the faint rustling of silk, a thousand lively things were silently said. From the pews to the gallery, from one remote corner of the church to another, from one side to some "far distant aisle," a ceaseless telegraph flew. There is this convenience of talking with your fingers and bearing with your eyes, namely: That a shout is no louder than a whisper, and all the pews bidding good afternoon and exchanging gossip with all the galleries infringed no rule of decorum and made no confusion.

It was no slight entertainment to see three or four young ladies engaged in such a light, animated conversation as waiting for a wedding ought to provoke. Now and then they hid their nimble fingers below the level of the few backs and brought their vivacious faces closely together to say something every one should not see. And then one began to observe that these accomplished people talk with their hands not half so much as with their faces, whose instantaneous and constant change of expression is something not to be seen among lip speaking nations, though they be French or Italian even. A chatty, silent matron near the chancel, lacking neither unbonpoint nor good humor, it may be with both to spare, was intelligible almost to hearing men by reason of the marvellous mobility of her face. One silent young man was manifestly a wit, and a popular one, one would judge, for nearly everybody looked at him and talked at him. So swiftly did one epigram, retort or compliment follow another across his countenance that he kept a dozen pairs of hands and eyes at play all about him, saying something—without a word—to every one and listening to everybody's noiseless replies, while his interlocutors laughed as though some of his far-reaching finger-talk had poked them in the ribs. He was active beyond all the silent company and terribly industrious. In natural contrast to him was a middle-aged gentleman, grave, dignified and quiet. One might know that if he could speak his utterances would be slow, measured and low, carrying weight, since his pantomime was easy and smooth, and his hands moved as if they were accustomed to dress parade every day.

An ordinarily constructed, noisy mortal would naturally fall to questioning how the couple that was coming courted and possibly how they would live. He needed but to watch these girls chattering nuttily together—to note the quick, graceful motions of their small gloved hands, the delicious sweeping curves of their arms, and, above all, the unusual power developed in their literally "speaking" eyes. Even one who has heard the sound of a human voice and knows its elements of sweetness could imagine compensation herein for many tender whisperings. And science and study have not only overcome natural deficiencies among the members of the silent community, but have developed wonderfully the senses nature left within their reach.

At St. Ann's Church in Eighteenth street, where the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has labored so long and so successfully in the instruction of deaf-mutes, was celebrated yesterday the marriage of two members of the Church Society

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

JOHN R. BURNET.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM DR. L. L. PEET.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB. NEW YORK, May 23d, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have cooperated with Miss Kate L. Burnet, the estimable sister of our late friend, John R. Burnet, A. M., in procuring a granite monument to be placed over his grave. The entire cost of the monument, including the inscription, will be two hundred and ten dollars, and it will cost perhaps ten or fifteen dollars more to put it in position, say two hundred and twenty-five dollars in all. Of this I have raised, through the Pan-dora Literary Association, one hundred dollars, and Miss Burnet has secured seventy-five dollars more, leaving a balance of about fifty dollars.

I have been told that it was your opinion that the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes would gladly unite in a project of this kind, and I, therefore, write to say that we should be glad to have you give the officers of that body the opportunity of contributing the whole or a part of the above-mentioned sum; or, if they have not the requisite authority, will you ask for voluntary contributions through the columns of your valuable paper, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL?

The inscription on the monument will be as follows:

IN MEMORIAM
JOHN ROBERTSON BURNET, A. M.,
BORN DECEMBER 26TH, 1808,
DIED JUNE 18TH, 1874.
His deaf-mute friends, to whose cause he devoted the best efforts of a
BRILLIANT TALENT,
and the warmest sympathies of a
LOVING HEART,
graciously contribute toward erecting this
Monument.

It is surely unnecessary for me to expatiate on the virtues of Mr. Burnet. A purer man never lived, nor a warmer friend to the deaf and dumb, and no man ever shared their lot with greater contentment. His was one of the noted names among illustrious mutes, and could be always pointed to with pride by those who looked upon deafness as no bar to greatness.

Very truly yours,
ISAAC LEWIS PEET.

A Trip to the Battle-field of Bull Run by Two College Students.

We started on the 18th of April, passing Arlington Heights, where lie buried the bodies of 15,000 United States soldiers, who were killed in the late war. The weather was all that could be desired, and we were in perfect spirits. The road we took was a picturesque, hilly one, shaded by fir trees, and as you near the battle-field it grows wider and harder. After having walked twenty-five miles, we arrived at Centerville, a small village five miles from the battle-field, and stopped there for the night.

Centerville was once a thriving business place, but during the war was torn to pieces by both armies. There is little left of the effects of the war, except the remains of breast-works. Within two hundred yards of our lodgings are the scenes of many skirmishes.

Early next morning we resumed our journey, and one hour's walk brought us to the Stone Bridge that crosses Bull Run, where a body of United States soldiers first made an attack on the Confederate army, while another body marched around by the upper fords to surprise it on its left flank. The banks of Bull Run are rocky and precipitous, overlooking the bloody grounds. The battle-field extends two or three miles along and back of the Run, and is rather a plateau than a plain, with fine farms, now overgrown with fir trees in many places. There are at the present time on the memorable field, six farm houses, each located on a hill commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The Henry, the Lewis, and the Robinson houses are the principal dwellings which were occupied by the Confederate troops during the battle. The two first named houses were destroyed by bomb-shells, and have been rebuilt. The Robinson house is a wooden one, which served as a sort of breastwork during the battle, and which is pierced all over by bullets and cannon-balls, as also are the trees around it. At night we lodged near the Stone Bridge, at a farm house, known as Van Pelts'. It was the headquarters of the Confederate General Evans, at the time of the first battle. Early in the morning of the conflict, the Confederates had moved from this place and fallen back as far as the plateau, where the Henry house now stands, and there fought until they won the day. The house was turned into a hospital for the wounded Union soldiers for a short time, and during the second engagement it was used for the same purpose by both armies. It was also the signal post of the Confederates during the battles at Manassas, and in the Bull Run mountains. Near the house is a large forest of pines and firs, through which the Union soldiers marched to Lullay's spring, where they met and surprised the enemy.

The next day was a lovely one, and we set out for the Henry house. We met the proprietor of the house, Mr. Henry, who kindly volunteered to go with us as guide. This is the most important point on the grounds, being situated on a plateau, which commands the whole battle-field, and for the possession of which both armies fought desperately. It is the spot where two great battles took place; the first on the 21st of July, 1861, and the other on the 28th, 29th and 30th

of August, 1862. In front of the house is a monument erected by Union soldiers to commemorate their comrades who fell in those battles. It is a plain, high monument, built of brown stone, surmounted with bomb-shells, which were picked up from the battle-field. At a short distance from this monument, the batteries of Ricketts and Griffin were captured in the first battle. Not far from the monument is the spot where the rebel General Jackson was wounded, and where, on the 21st of July, 1861, he showed that determined attitude which gave him the title of "Stonewall" Jackson. Opposite the Henry house are the spots where fell the Confederates, General Bee, Colonels Bartow, Frishee, Thomas and Mangum, on the 21st of July. Behind the house is the grave of an aged lady, Mrs. Judith Henry, (widow of Dr. Isaac Henry, a surgeon in the United States navy during the administration of Washington,) who was killed in her dwelling by the explosion of shells in the first battle, while she was confined to bed by the infirmities of age. We sat down with Mr. Henry, beside the grave of his mother, to take a view of the battle-field, looking towards the south. Our guide then remarked that the rebel army came in on the left of the place where we were sitting, and the Union army on our right. Colonel Cameron, brother of the former United States Senator from Pennsylvania, was killed on the opposite hill, in the first battle. In the second, Colonel Webster, a son of the great statesman, was killed near the same spot. Jefferson Davis came upon the scene just at our left, after the close of the first battle, he having hastened from Richmond to the field. General Sherman was present in the first battle that was fought on this ground. He was then a colonel, and he was in the house just before it was demolished, while the soldiers were fighting around it. He visited the battle-field summer before last, and told this to Mr. Henry. Where we were sitting, General Lee was standing when he closed the battle of the 28th, 29th and 30th of August, 1862.

One of Mr. Henry's sisters was made quite deaf by the constant thundering of 200-pound cannon around the house. She still lives in the house.

Mr. Henry conducted us to a spring at the bottom of the plateau. The spring was fought for by both armies, one often taking possession of it and then the other. Sharpshooters kept the trees fired at every one going to the spring to drink, until a circle of dead of both armies lay upon its margin. Our interest was excited by seeing a cannon-ball in a large oak tree by the spring. There is a story about the tree: A Federal soldier, wounded by a sharp-shooter, perhaps, when he came to the spring for water, was found dead, sitting up with his back to the tree, and with an open Bible in his hand, which he had been reading in his last moments.

Leaving the battle-field at noon, we arrived at Fairfax Court House in the evening. The relics we brought with us are as follows: A cannon-ball, a United States belt, twenty-four bullets, variously-shaped, two bomb-shells, one whole and the other exploded, two rusty bayonets, one whole and the other broken. The belt and the whole bayonet were found on Bull Run, near Stone Bridge, while we were bathing. The broken bayonet is the most interesting of all, because it was used on the spot where General Stonewall Jackson expressed the famous determination to "give them bayonets." In the socket of the bayonet there is a piece of fir pole. Some Confederate soldiers, whose musket may have been broken or disabled, had seized the pole and, fixing the bayonet to it, rushed into the conflict which ended so disastrously to both armies.

As we missed the stage, we left Fairfax Court House in a milk wagon, at half-past nine o'clock and arrived home at half-past three the following morning. Tired and footsore we at once retired to rest. Late in the morning we were awakened by a loud noise, so loud that we almost thought we were being blown up by our own bomb-shells, causing us to spring quickly to our feet. It was only the deep thud of the door-knocker, with which the rooms of the students are supplied, pulled by some students anxious to get a glimpse of the relics from Bull Run. J. A. K.

National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., May 24, 1878.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION, PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 18, 1878.

ANECDOTE OF HEAVEN DESIRABLE. Some years ago a little deaf and dumb girl, about eleven or twelve years of age, heard a description of the blind asylum in London, Eng., and she wrote, with eagerness, on her small slate, "I hope God will let them see in heaven."

Another of the same age, lately, on being asked why she desired to go to heaven, immediately answered, "Because in heaven no cry—no cross—friends never die—see God always."

How desirable such a place!

ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF A POOR DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

This fellow was at school in France, and he was deaf and dumb, but through the mercy of God a way has been discovered by which such poor offspring may be taught a great deal. One day some gentlemen entered the school, and one of them singled out this boy from among other boys, that he might examine him. He was first asked, "Who made the world?" The child took his small slate and wrote the first verse in the Bible. "In the beginning

God created heaven and earth." The gentleman then asked him, "How do you hope to be saved?" to which the child replied, "This a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Very proper answers, were they not? Ah, my dear children! Perhaps you could not have answered the questions as well. I only wish for all of you that you knew as much in your hearts as this boy; then you would be wise both for time and eternity. But I will tell you the last question the gentleman asked him. It was, "How is it that God has made you deaf and dumb, while all those around you can hear and speak?" The poor, humbled boy seemed puzzled for a moment, and a suggestion of unbelief seemed to be put into his head; but quickly recovering himself, he wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Happy little boy! He had been taught by the Holy Spirit to look upon God as his Father, and knew that whatever he ordered for him must be best.

A gentleman traveling in Vermont found the following lines inscribed upon a board, near a watering-place where he stopped to water his horse:—

"Temperance fountain, good as can be,
Better far than rum or brandy;
If this truth excite your fury,
Let your horse be judge and jury."

THE ADVENTURE OF A MOUSE.

The other night the Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, delivered a lecture on an interesting anecdote of the adventure of a little mouse, as follows: In Germany, once a little mouse was running out of a hole in the dwelling; it was suddenly frightened by observing a cat chasing it; it ran through the fence and into a pile of shavings in the shed, and the cat was disappointed at not catching the mouse. By and by a little lass came and entered the shed with a basket, and filled it with shavings. At this time the mouse was in the shavings which were removed from the pile into the basket. The girl carried the basket into the shoe-shop; she took some shavings and put them into the stove to make a fire. The mouse, which saw what she had done with the shavings, feared that it would be burned in the flames; so it leaped out of the basket upon the girl's apron. When she saw it she screamed loudly. The master of the shop and some workmen chased the mouse, but it disappeared. The master told his men to work on. At this time the mouse ran and climbed into one of a pair of fine shoes which lay on the floor. By and by a servant came to the shop and told the master that the lady wanted a pair of shoes for pleasure-riding. The master told her to take these shoes, and she took them home. The servant put one of the shoes, in which was the mouse, on her foot, while the lady was sitting on a rocking chair. The mouse thought it would be crushed to death, so it bit her toe. When she felt that something bit her toe, she kicked, screamed loudly and fainted, thinking a snake bit it. After the doctor had examined her toe, he told her that a pin or a nail had hurt it. After this, she went riding, and the mouse, which was thrown from her shoe, ran under the sofa, then ran through a hole near the door and escaped.

HOW TO BECOME WISE.

Seek all that may by man be sought,
Learn all that can by man be taught;
Ask God in faith for all the rest,
And you with wisdom shall be blest.

Yours respectfully,
W. H. L.

THE BAY STATE MISSION.

G. BENTLEY, JR.'S LETTER TO J. T. TILLINGHAST.

BOSTON, May 21st, 1878.

FRIEND TILLINGHAST:—Will you please send the following to the editor of the JOURNAL and ask him to publish it? It was published in that spicy little sheet, the *Mirror*, in its issue of May 10th, and we are requested to publish it for the benefit of our readers and to further the cause of unity. It appears to be editorial, and we have no doubt that if Brother Pond should travel eastward this summer, he would receive a most cordial welcome. Go east, Brother Pond! go east. Try some Boston baked beans and brown bread, and then if "these don't like 'em," say so, and done with it. G. BENTLEY, JR.

The following is the article in question:—

"Preliminary steps have been taken, owing to the success of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, to organize and establish the Massachusetts State Deaf-Mute Mission, the same to unite all denominations under one banner.

As we have previously remarked, we believe that a great amount of good can be accomplished by all uniting together and accomplishing what *one could not do alone*. All are working for the same end. All are endeavoring to purify and enlighten the minds and thoughts of the people, that the mysterious future may be one of happiness, and also that *this life* may be better enjoyed. In the last great day it will not be asked, "What was your creed?" or "Under what form did you worship?" but "What good have you done?" not heeding the manner or form in which it was done. We are glad to note this friendly feeling among the different denominations east, and shall rejoice when the day shall come—as it surely will—when every State will have its "State Deaf-Mute Mission" or "Society," with the motto, "ALL are welcome!" and through unity wonders will be wrought. Success to the deaf-mutes in the Old Bay State; may they keep on ever with their good and benevolent work."

Sixtieth Anniversary of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

On Tuesday, the 21st, we had the regular anniversary of the institution and the election of that class of the board of directors whose terms of office expired on that day.

The exhibition held a couple of weeks ago in the Broadway Tabernacle was an extraordinary affair, such as takes place only at long intervals, when, as on this occasion, some of the religious or missionary societies invite us to assist them in celebrating their anniversaries.

On the 21st the exercises were much the same as those in the Tabernacle, save that the pupils, perhaps for being at home, did better.

The day dawned on us dark and cloudy, but those among us who could read the signs said it would clear off by afternoon, which forecast was supported by the morning papers. School began at 8 A. M., as usual, but closed an hour sooner than common (at 11.) when we had dinner. By this time the sky had cleared and the sun was shining out brightly, and soon dried up the puddles left by the last night's shower. Everybody was busy, putting the finishing touches to the decorations, and arranging the grounds. Before 1 P. M. all was done and in lovely order. The greater part of the company arrived on the train which leaves Thirtieth street at 1 P. M., and stopped at the institution grounds for their own convenience. Others came in their own carriages, or if they lived near, came afoot. They were first ushered into the large dining-room to a toothsome lunch. The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens, giving it a cool, pleasant air, and the word "Welcome, in evergreen lettering, under the festoons, made our guests feel at home. After lunch the election of the directors took place, those who were members going into the large reception room for that purpose and the rest of the company going into the chapel, where they waited the opening of the exhibition. The chapel was also tastefully decorated with hemlock wreaths. The cast of Dr. H. P. Peet, which is hung upon the wall in front of the audience, was wreathed in evergreens, and above it, in a semi-circle, the lettering, "He maketh the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." Upon the large slates, on the platform, were some crayon drawings of the pupils. One was a humorous cartoon, by Waldo C. Childs, illustrating the story of how an old deacon mistook a jackass for a ghost, in the moonlight, and proceeded to investigate with his heavy stick, and how he unfortunately investigated at the wrong end of the "critter," and came to sore grief by a blow from his heels for his pains. Another was in colors and represented a pretty rural scene. The coloring was so skillful that at a little way it looked like a painting. But in our best was its beautiful cross, drawn in clear, cold cold lines as of marble, and half hidden by an embracing vine which entwined its bright green tendrils around the sharp angles, and softened the cold beauty into loveliness by its delicately tinted flowers. It was drawn by Miss Elizabeth A. Barry, at the suggestion of Miss Caroline V. Hagadorn, the teacher of drawing, who aided our pupils with her advice and an occasional touch by her practiced hand.

At about 3 o'clock, the election being over, the directors and life members adjourned to the chapel and then the exhibition began.

First little Master Pitt, who had been here only two weeks, showed the rapid progress he had made in that short time. He could connect many objects with their names, by pointing them out when their names were shown him. At the Tabernacle, it will be remembered, he could not tell a single one by these means.

Two little girls of Miss Montgomery's, Clara Ketchum, a little six-year-old mite of a thing who has been here since December, and Daisy Hollister, a little older, but who has been with us only six weeks, came upon the platform. They could do better than Master Pitt at distinguishing objects, and Daisy could spell all the letters of the alphabet in regular sequence, in the written words on the slate.

Six little boys of Mr. Van Tassel's class, none of which had been here longer than since the beginning of this term, now came up. They could perform actions, in obedience to written commands, and then describe the actions correctly. One little fellow was commanded, "Edward, put on the hat," which he did, and the hat in question, being our principal's capacious plug, enveloped the diminutive head of the little rascal to the chin, causing much merriment among the audience.

Half a dozen boys from the class of Miss Lunn C. Rice, and from two to three years' standing, took their places at the slates. They answered in beautiful handwriting such questions as, "Gibson take Dr. Peet's hat from under the table and give it to Peter." "What did Gibson do?" "He took Dr. Peet's hat from under the table and gave it to Peter."

Next some small boys illustrated how the sign alphabet could be used. This is an alphabet devised by Professor Bartlett, a former teacher here, by which every letter has a facial expression, as admiration for *a*, boldness for *b*, and so on. These boys could read any word from the face of the armless boy. Mr. W. G. Jones had charge of this part, and made his pupils show wonderful quickness and ingenuity in framing the expression into letters and words.

Miss Florence Jones repeated in signs the poem, "The Ocean," in graceful and expressive signs. The exercises were then closed by the Lord's prayer from little Minnie Flint.

swered, "Minnie asked Dr. Weston to lend her a lead pencil." The last question put to them was, "Who is Jesus Christ?" and brought some very touching answers, such as, "Jesus Christ is the son of God. I love Him;" "Jesus Christ is the son of God. He died for us;" "Jesus Christ is the son of God. He blessed little children. I love Him."

The next feature of the exhibition was more novel and interesting. Six young ladies of the First Class, which is also under the charge of Miss Montgomery, came before the audience. They were asked, "What is your favorite month, and why?" and turned to their slates to write. While thus occupied the two deaf and dumb and blind boys, Clinton and Caton, illustrated what could be done in this line by a skillful and earnest teacher. Caton, the most advanced of the two, showed remarkable proficiency in American history, and could answer any question put to him about it. Miss Bessie Fitzburgh, their teacher, deserves much credit for her success in her wearisome task. The young girls having by this time finished writing, their impromptu compositions were read to the audience. Here are two for specimens, taken at random, being the only ones I could get time to copy:

"I can hardly tell you what is my favorite month. I think the present month is the best. But I like December very much. It is the first month of winter, but the last of the year. It is a cold, snowy, winter month. The trees are leafless and often covered with beautiful snow. Pure snowflakes are falling and some are like stars, crosses, and crystals, and it seems as if we had the beautiful flowers of all the seasons, but they are colorless and without odor. When the sun shines on the ice-covered trees, we see the most brilliant and beautiful colors. It reminds me of the jeweled walls and gates of heaven. We celebrate the anniversary of the birth of our dear Savior on the 25th of December. It is called beautiful Christmas, and is the happiest holiday of the year. We are always rejoiced at Christmas, because Christ came into the world to die on the cross to save us. It is the day of kindness and love. Christmas is for the young children; for Jesus was then a little babe. Christmas morning is full of happiness for them, for the beautiful presents which are in their stockings fill their sweet hearts with gladness and love."

"I have chosen to write about the month of April. It is the second month of spring, and we begin to see the trees and grass grow, and the flowers and blossoms. We sometimes have warm and pleasant weather, but it is celebrated for April showers. I think that when the flowers come it weeps, and when it clears off it smiles again, just as we mourn and remember our Savior's agony and shameful death. Easter Day is an annual religious festival of the resurrection of Christ. The people have a custom of making colored eggs, which are sometimes beautifully ornamented. It is a beautiful idea that our Savior was shut in the tomb, and a strong and mighty angel came and rolled away the stone from the tomb, and it is just as the minds of the deaf and dumb are shut from the world, but wise and strong teachers come and make a way for them to go out into the light, then they become wiser and can understand many things." It is but doing justice to this class to add that, so far from this language being gotten up for the occasion, they use quite as good every day in their compositions in the class-room.

The next event was the exhibition of the proficiency of the most advanced of the pupils of the High Class. Miss Myra Barrager, Elsie Brainerd, Annie Bryan, George Reynolds and Adolph Eckardt took their places at the slates and invited the audience to pitch into them with hard questions. One young man was asked what he thought about the recent presidential contest, he being of democratic sympathies. Another, who is a friend of President Hayes, was invited to present his side of the subject. Another was asked if there would be war between England and Russia. Another was asked to give a sketch of Hon. Wm. M. Everts, and so all were occupied at their slates, and, that the audience might not have to wait till they were done writing, Miss Ella Dillingham recited the "Marseillaise," with grace and effect. Master Peter Mitchell then entertained them with Pictorial Signs, and Charley Schmidt made some funny signs of an old woman knitting and taking snuff, &c. Then Mr. Currier showed what could be done by means of visible speech, in the case of the armless boy, McCormick. Another of his pupils, a beautiful, bright-faced young girl, also showed her familiarity with the symbols, and recited in a clear, distinct voice the 23d psalm. The answer of the High Class to the questions put them were then read, and elicited much approbation, and their teacher, Mr. Jenkins, gained much credit.

Next some small boys illustrated how the sign alphabet could be used. This is an alphabet devised by Professor Bartlett, a former teacher here, by which every letter has a facial expression, as admiration for *a*, boldness for *b*, and so on. These boys could read any word from the face of the armless boy. Mr. W. G. Jones had charge of this part, and made his pupils show wonderful quickness and ingenuity in framing the expression into letters and words.

Miss Florence Jones repeated in signs the poem, "The Ocean," in graceful and expressive signs. The exercises were then closed by the Lord's prayer from little Minnie Flint.

The guests departed on a train going down, which stopped at the institution. There was a social re-union in the girls' large sitting-room in the evening.

Since I have begun, I may as well go on and give what other news I can think of. Mr. J. J. Blackstock has been selected by the board to be the Assistant Supervisor of the boys, in place of Mr. Taef, who has been advanced to the place occupied by our late friend Martin Brown.

There was a wedding in St. Ann's Church last Wednesday, the 22d inst.: Miss Bamberger and Mr. John A. Dunlap were united in marriage, Dr. Gallaudet and another clergyman officiating. I suppose some one who was there will write you about it, so I need not particularize further.

The pantomime, "The Gnome and White Warrior" comes off this evening. J. H. E.

New York, May 24th, 1878.

A NORTH-WESTERN WEDDING.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I send you an account of the marriage of two friends of mine, that you may let your readers in the north-west know of it.

It was one of the most interesting social events that have occurred in the city of LaCrosse, Wis. The parties were Mr. Louis Guttmerson and Miss Belle Drake, who is known as the LaCrosse Queen, on account of her beauty and politeness. At eight o'clock, P. M., May 9th, the wedding party proceeded to the Baptist Church, which was tastefully and elaborately trimmed with flowers and evergreens. Rev. L. A. Abbott performed the ceremony, assisted by Miss Lou Viner, who gracefully translated each sentence by the aid of the deaf and dumb alphabet, and the happy couple responded with spirit and dignity. Immediately after the service was over about fifty intimate friends and relatives, having been invited to the reception at the fine large residence of the bride's father, gave the young couple hearty congratulations, and many fine presents were given to the young bride. She is a very intelligent young lady, and was formerly a scholar in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Delavan. The groom attended a deaf-mute school at Christiansburg, Norway, for about eight years, and has settled in LaCrosse, where he is a respected citizen. He can write the Norwegian as well as the English language, (in the latter he is self-educated.) He is a hard-working, prosperous young man. They will live in a new house which his father-in-law built for him last February. The many friends of the couple wish them much happiness and success, and trust that they may live to enjoy married life for many years. L. M. LARSON.

National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., May 23, 1878.

Summary of Foreign Deaf-Mute News.

From Rev. Samuel Smith's Magazine for May.

A MAN CUT IN TWO.

On Wednesday, April 10, an old man named Singleton, an engineer at the Steel Works, Ebbw Vale, was run over as he was crossing one of the lines, by one of the company's locomotives. The man, who was an old servant of the company, was deaf, and about 70 years of age.

The Secretary of the National Deaf and Dumb Society begs thanks to acknowledge the receipt of £411s. 10d., being the collection at a lecture by the Rev. George Gillilan, in School Wynd U. P. Church, Dundee, on the 7th of April last.

SHEFFIELD.

The Mayor (Ald. Mappin) has presented the sum of £50 in aid of the fund which is now being raised to promote the objects of the Sheffield Adult Deaf and Dumb Association; and his worship has also kindly promised to open the Bazaar and Fine Art Exhibition, to be held in the Cutler's Hall, on May 7th, 8th and 9th, in promotion of the same benevolent object.

WHAITE'S EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOR DRAWING.

The following pictures, by Frederick Lawrence Taware, a deaf-mute, are hung on the walls in the above exhibition:—No. 79, "Robinson's Bank, Smithy door," £5 5s.; No. 97, "Manor House, Smithy door," £8 8s.; No. 721, "View near Cork, Ireland," £3 3s.

Manchester Examiner and Times says: "There are upwards of 700 works hung, and these represent almost every modern school, and are especially strong in examples of Continental artists."

"The habitude of the Exhibition will recognize on the walls the works of artists whose names are now familiar in Messrs. Whaites' catalogue. Provaggi, Midy, Bartolini, Taware, Perego, Lanjally, and Mantegazza, to select only a few names, are in sufficient force to afford a fair idea of the motives and styles of the brilliant colourists of Italy."

The *Manchester Courier* says:—"There is no lack of drawings of Old and New Manchester. Of the former Taware's 'Robinson's Bank, Smithy door,' and 'Manor House, Smithy door,' as well as another sketch of the same place in 1820, by W. G. Herdman, and two casual sketches in the Chetnam Library, by J. H. Davies."

The annual meeting of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Henderson Row, was held on the 29th of March, the Rev. Mr. M'Murtrie in the chair. Mr. Hugh Rollo, W. S., read the annual report, which stated that the number of pupils in the institution was 58, eight of whom were boarders. The directors were gratified to be able to report the excellent health which the pupils had enjoyed during the past year. The annual examination was

on the 18th of July last. The Government examination in drawing was held on the 12th of March, under the supervision of three of the directors, and 23 pupils worked papers, which were returned to the department. Of these 21 passed, one showed efficiency, and only one failed. Thirty-one prizes and certificates were forwarded. A change in the educational staff occurred at midsummer, Mr. W. H. Addison having been appointed to the head assistantship of the Liverpool school for the deaf and dumb. The vacancy had been filled up by the appointment of Mr. Illingworth. Mr. Bryden during the summer visited the following auxiliaries:—Galashies, Selkirk, Melrose, Hawick, Peebles, and Musselburgh. The interest taken in the pupils who were present at the examination was hearty and cordial. Mr. Scott Elliott and Mr. Patrick Blair were elected directors.

MANCHESTER ADULT DEAF AND DUMB SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the above Society was held in the Town Hall, on Monday, the 15th of April. Mr. Hugh Birley, M. P., President of the Society, taking the chair. The proceedings having been opened with prayer by the Chaplain, the Rev. C. W. Bardsley, read the report of the Committee, which spoke in terms of gratitude to Almighty God for the prosperity which has followed the efforts of the Society through the past year, and of the satisfactory condition in which its friends and supporters now find it. Financially the Society was never so well off, for, having discharged all its liabilities, it has a balance of £345 to begin the year with. In its extension, too, there is much cause of thankfulness; for during the year it has formed a branch at Blackburn on the north, and another at Macclesfield on the south; and as the Deaf and Dumb of Oldham last November returned to the Society, there are now eight branches in connection with the parent stock. Reference was also made to this being the 25th year of the Society's history, and the following quotation was taken from its first report:—"The number of adults who avail themselves of the benefits which the Society offers, form but a small portion of those residing in Manchester and Salford. There is good reason to believe that there are upwards of a hundred within the limits of these two towns. A large number of them have become so habituated to live without religion, that attendance at the service would probably be irksome to them; but if there were a permanent minister appointed whose whole time could be devoted to the object, and who would take an active interest in his charge, most, if not all, of these might be gradually drawn within the salutary influence of the Society. This," remarks the report, "reads almost like a prophecy, for not only has a permanent minister been appointed, but a beautiful church, almost finished, and probably no other Society has come nearer accomplishing the aims and objects with which it set out than the Manchester Adult Deaf and Dumb Society. To God be all the praise."

EDINBURGH DEAF AND DUMB CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The annual soiree of this association was held on the evening of March 29, in the Oddfellows' Hall, nearly 200 persons being present. Mr. Josiah Livingstone presided. After some remarks by the chairman, Mr. Duff gave an account of the building fund, stating that a scheme for the erection of a church was contemplated and he trusted their friends would respond to it when it came before them. Mr. Barry gave a brief address, recommending the movement. Mr. Maclean, the Rev. E. A. Thomson, and Mr. Dobson also addressed the meeting; after which a magic lantern entertainment was given. Mr. G. Barry sang "Macgregor's Gathering," which was much appreciated, and Miss Agnes Barry presided at the piano-forte. The speeches throughout were interpreted by Mr. Hansell, the missionary. The usual weekly lecture-meeting of the Deaf and Dumb Christian Association was held on the 7th of March, when Mr. Hansell appeared for the first time as lecturer to the deaf and dumb in Edinburgh. At the outset he said that it was his original intention to give them a lecture on "Mary Queen of Scots," but as it would be too long for one lecture, he would reserve it for next session; and in deference to a request made by a lady who was present, he would give a story or two instead of a lecture. The subject of his first story would be "Macbeth and King Duncan," and he trusted that those who were familiar with the story would bear with him for the sake of those who were not. Gentle reader, how can Scotch stories ever get threadbare by repetition? The attention and interest of the meeting were, as a matter of course, kept unflagging throughout. At the next meeting, Mr. Barry, for lack of another lecturer, delivered an off-hand lecture on "The Scottish Thistle," giving the origin, according to tradition, of that famous emblem, describing the device of the Scottish Arms, and giving a translation of the motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit." He said he thought it not improbable that the incident referred to in the tale occurred on the links of Barry, in Forfarshire, as donkeys browsing their favorite food—thistles, was no uncommon sight there. The two following lecture evenings were, in consequence of a dearth of obliging lecturers, occupied with the relating of Scotch stories, with a judicious sprinkling of ghost stories. The following lectures were delivered under the auspices of the Deaf and Dumb Temperance Society in the month of March:—"George Cruickshank," Mr. Barry; "The Duty of Total Abstinence," Mr. Hansell.

